He lookes vpon his loue, and neighs vnto her,
She answers him, as if she knew his minde,
Being prowd as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangenesse, seemes vnkinde:
  Spurnes at his loue, & scornes the heat he feeles,
  Beating his kind embracements with her heeles.

Then like a melancholy malcontent,
He vailes his taile that like a falling plume,
Coole shadow to his melting buttocke lent,
He stamps, and bites the poore flies in his fume:
  His loue perceiuing how he is enrag'd,
  Grew kinder, and his furie was asswag'd.

His testie maister goeth about to take him,
When lo the vnbackt breeder full of feare,
Iealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the Horse, and left *Adonis* there:
  As they were mad vnto the wood they hie them,
  Out stripping crowes, that striue to ouerfly them.

All swolne with chasing, downe *Adonis* sits,
Banning his boistrous, and vnruly beast;
And now the happie season once more sits,
That loue-sicke *Loue*, by pleading may be blest:
  For louers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
  When it is bard the aydance of the tong.

An Ouen that is stopt, or riuer stayd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealed sorow may be sayd,
Free vent of words loues fier doth asswage,
  But when the hearts attorney once is mute,
  The client breakes, as desperate in his sute.

He sees her comming, and begins to glow,
Euen as a dying coale reuiues with winde,
And with his bonnet hides his angrie brow,
Lookes on the dull earth with disturbed minde:
  Taking no notice that she is so nye,
  For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O what a sight it was wistly to view,
How she came stealing to the wayward boy,
To note the fighting conflict of her hew,
How white and red, each other did destroy:
  But now her cheeke was pale, and by and by
  It flasht forth fire, as lightning from the skie.

Now was she iust before him as he sat,
And like a lowly louer downe she kneeles,
With one faire hand she heaueth vp his hat,
Her other tender hand his faire cheeke feeles:
  His tender cheeke, receiues her soft hands print,
  As apt as new falne snow, takes anie dint.